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E S S A Y
ON
M A N.

Address'd to a FRIEND.

PART I.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-luces, be-
hind the Chapter-house, St. Paul's. MDCCLXXXIII.

AN
ESSAY
ON

M. A. N.

Address'd to a FRIEND.

PART I.

LONDON.

Printed for J. W. Smith, at the Strand, in the Parish of St. Martin's, in the County of Middlesex, by J. W. Smith, at the Strand, in the Parish of St. Martin's, in the County of Middlesex.



TO THE
READER.

AS the Epistolary Way of Writing hath prevailed much of late, we have ventured to publish this Piece composed some Time since, and whose Author chose this Manner, notwithstanding his Subject was high and of dignity, because of its being mixt with Argument, which of its Nature approacheth to Prose. This, which we first give the Reader, treats of the Nature and State of MAN, with respect to the UNIVERSAL SYSTEM; the rest will treat of him with respect to his OWN SYSTEM,

To the Reader.

*as an Individual, and as a Member of Society ;
under one or other of which Heads all Ethicks
are included.*

*As he imitates no Man, so he would be thought
to vye with no Man in these Epistles, parti-
cularly with the noted Author of TWO late-
ly published : But this he may most surely say,
that the Matter of them is such, as is of Im-
portance to all in general, and of Offence to none
in particular.*





A N

ESSAY on *MAN*.

Address'd to a FRIEND,



WAKE! my LÆLIUS, leave all meaner

Things

To low Ambition and the Pride of
Kings.

Let us (since Life can little more supply

Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatriate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*;

A mighty Maze! of walks without a Plan;

Or Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;

Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Toge

'Together let us beat this ample *Field*,
 Try what the open, what the covert, yield; 10
 The latent tracts, or giddy heights explore,
 Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar.
 Eye Nature's walks; shoot Folly as it flies,
 And catch the Manners, living as they rise;
 Laugh where we *must*; be candid where we *can*; 15
 But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or *Man* below,
 What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
 Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 'Thro' Worlds unbounded tho' the God be known;
 'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
 Of this vast Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
 The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,
 And Centres just, has thy pervading Soul 25
 Look'd thro'? Or can a part contain the Whole?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

He

He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe, 30

Observe how System into System runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns ?

What vary'd Being people's every Star ?

May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.

When the proud Steed shall know, why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ; 35

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod ;

Now wears a Garland, an Ægyptian God ;

Then shall Man's Pride and Dulness comprehend
His Action's, Passion's, Being's, Use and End ; 40

Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why

This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity ?

Presumptuous Man ! the Reason wouldst thou find,
Why made so weak, so little, and so blind ?

First, if thou can'st, the harder reason guess, 45

Why made no weaker, blinder, and no less ?

Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made

Taller or stronger than the Weeds they shade ?

Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove? 50

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That Wisdom infinite must form the *Best*,
 Where all must *full* or not *coherent* be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the Scale of Life and Sence, 'tis plain 55
 There must be, *some where*, such a Rank as *Man* ;
 And all the question (wrangle 'ere so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him *wrong* ?

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to *All*. 60
 In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can *its End* produce,
 Yet serves to second too some *other Use*.

So Man, who here seems principal alone, 65
 Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,
 Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Gole ;
 'Tis but a Part we see, and not a Whole.

Then

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought ; 70
 His Being measur'd to his State, and Place,
 His time a Moment, and a Point his space.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their *present state* ;
 From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know ;
 Or who could suffer Being here below ? [73]

The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day
 Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his Blood. 80

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of All,
 A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,

Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd, 83
 And now a Bubble burst, and now a World!

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore !

What bliss above, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that *Hope* to be thy bliss below. 90
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;
 The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
 Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.
 If to be perfect in a certain State, 95
 What matter, here or there, or soon or late?
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour:
 And he that's blest'd to day, as fully so,
 As who began ten thousand years ago. 100

Lo! the poor INDIAN, whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way,
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n 105
 Behind the cloud-topt hill an humbler Heav'n,
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the watry waste;

Where

Where Slaves once more their native land behold,
 No Fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for Gold. 110
 But does he say, the Maker is not good,
 Till he's exalted to what state he would?
 Himself *alone*, high Heav'n's peculiar care;
 Alone made happy, *when* he will, and *where*?
 To *be*, contents his natural desire, 115
 He asks no Angel's Wing or Seraph's Fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful Dog shall bear him company.
 Go, wiser Thou! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 120
 Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Pronounce HE acts too little, or too much;
 Destroy all Creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet thou unhappy, think 'tis He's unjust;
 Snatch from his hand the Balance and the Rod; 125
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God!

In *Pride* (my Friend) in *Pride*, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the Skies.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods. 130
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebell :
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine ? 135
 Earth for whose use ? *Pride* answers, " 'Tis for mine ;
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ; 140
 For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings,
 For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 My footstool Earth, my canopy the Skies !

But errs not Nature from this gracious end, 145
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, a Nation to the deep ?

Blame

Blame we for this the wise Almighty Cause ?

“ No (’tis reply’d) he acts by *gen’ral Laws* ; 150

“ Th’ exceptions few ; some change since all began ;

“ And what created, perfect ? ” ---- Why then *Man* ?

If the great end be human Happiness,

And Nature deviates ; how can Man do less ?

Nature as much a constant course requires 155

Of show’rs and sunshine, as of man’s desires,

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp’rate, calm, and wise.

If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav’n’s design,

Why then a Borgia or a Catiline ? 160

From Pride, from Pride, our very reas’ning springs ;

Account for moral, as for nat’ral things :

Why charge we Heav’n in those, in these acquit ?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165

Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here ;

That never Air or Ocean felt the wind ;

That never Passion discompos’d the mind :

But

But all subsists by Elemental strife;
 And Passions are the Elements of Life, 179
 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
 Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel would be more;
 Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears,
 Made for his use all Creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?

Nature to each, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd, 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here, due degrees of Swiftnefs; there, of Force;
 Each Beast, each Insect, happy as it can;
 Is Heav'n unkind to nothing but to Man?
 So justly all proportion'd to each state, 185
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate:
 Shall Man, shall reasonable Man, alone,
 Be, or endow'd with all, or pleas'd with none?

Thro'

Thro' gen'ral Life, behold the Scale arise
Of *sensual*, and of *mental* Faculties. 190

Vast Range of Sense ! from Man's imperial race

To the green Myriads in the peopled Grass !

What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,

The Mole's dim curtain, and the Lynx's beam :

Of smell, the headlong Lions between, 195

And Hound, sagacious on the tainted Green !

Of hearing, from the Life that fills the flood,

To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood.

In the nice Bee, what sense so subtly true

From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew : 200

The Spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

How *Instinct* varies ! what a Hog may want,

Compar'd with thine, half-reas'ning Elephant !

'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier, 205

For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near.

Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd !

What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide

And

And middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable Line! 210

Without this just *Gradation*, could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?

The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all those pow'rs in one?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find) 215
Is, not to know, or think, *beyond* Mankind;

No self-confounding Faculties to share;

No Senses stronger than his brain can bear:

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?

For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly: 220

What the advantage, if his finer eyes

Study a Mite, not comprehend the Skies?

His Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart, and agonize at ev'ry pore?

Or quick Effluvia darting thro' his brain, 225

Die of a Rose, in Aromatic pain?

If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,

And stunn'd him with the music of the Spheres,

How

How would he wish, that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill? 230
 Who finds not Providence all-good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth,
 All Nature quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go? 235
 Around how wide? how deep extend below?
 Vast Chain of Being! which from God began,
 Ethereal Effence, Spirit, Substance, Man,
 Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect! what no Eye can see,
 No Glass can reach! from Infinite to Thee! 240
 From Thee to Nothing! --- On superior Pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
 Where one step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each System in Gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole;

The least confusion but in one, not all
That System only, but the whole must fall. 245

All this dread Order, shall it break? For thee?

Vile Worm! --- O Madness! Pride! Impiety!

What if the Foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or Hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?

What if the Head, the Eye or Ear, repin'd 250

To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind?

Just as absurd, for any Part to claim

To be another, in this gen^lal Frame:

Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,

The great directing MIND of ALL ordains. 255

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole:

Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul.

That, chang'd thro' all and yet in all the same,

Great in the Earth as in th' Ætherial frame,

Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze, 260

Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,

Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent,

Breathes

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart, 265
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraphim, that sings and burns ;
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name : 270
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own *Point*. This just, this kind degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.

Submit ——— in this, or any other Sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear. 275

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see ;

All Discord, Harmony not understood ;

All partial Evil, universal Good :

And spight of Pride, and in thy Reason's spight, 280

One truth is clear ; " Whatever Is, is RIGHT."

F I N I S.

breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in the Man that moves,
 As the ripe Grappling, that tinges and purges;
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
 Gentle then, nor O'er a dark Impetuous name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own Point. This just this kind degree
 Of blindard weakness, Heav'n's below on thee.
 Submit ——— in this, or any other Sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
 All Disorder, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good:
 And light of Right, and in thy Reason's light,
 One truth is clear, "Whatever is, is Right."

A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N.

In EPISTLES to a Friend!

EPISTLE 'II.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *J. Wilford*, at the *Three Flower-de-luces*, behind the *Chapter-house*, *St. Paul's*. MDCCXXXIII.

Y A S S E

M A M

IN FIRST LINE TO SECOND

11 1 1 1 1

A N
E S S A Y on *MAN*.

E P I S T L E II.

K NOW then Thy-self, presume not God to scan;
The only Science of Mankind is *Man*.

Plac'd on this Isthmus of a middle State,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much Knowledge for the Sceptic Side, 5
With too much Weakness for a Stoic's Pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
To deem himself a Part of God, or Beast ;
In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10
Alike in Ignorance, his Reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much,
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd ;

Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15

Great Lord of all things, yet a Prey to all;

Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd :

The Glory, Jest, and Riddle, of the World !

Go, wondrous Creature ! mount where science guides;

Go, measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides; 20

Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run ;

Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun :

Go, soar with *Plato* to th' empyreal Sphere,

To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair ;

Or tread the mazy Round his Follow'rs trod, 25

And quitting Sense call *Imitating God*,

As Eastern Priests in giddy Circles run,

And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun* :

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule ;

Then drop into Thy-self, and be a Fool ! 30

Superior Beings, when of late they saw

A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape,

And show'd a *NEWTON* as we show an *Ape*.

Could

Could He, who taught each Planet where to roll, 35
 Describe, or fix, one Movement of the Soul ?
 Who mark'd their Points, to rise, and to descend ;
 Explain his own Beginning, or his End ?
 Alas, what wonder ! Man's superior Part
 Uuncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to Art ; 40
 But when his own great Work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
 Two Principles in Human Nature reign ;
Self-Love, to urge ; and *Reason*, to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 45
 Each works its end, to move, or govern all :
 And to their proper Operation still
 Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.
Self-Love, the Spring of Motion, acts the Soul ;
Reason's comparing Balance rules the whole : 50
 Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend ;
 And but for this, were active to no *End*.
 Fix'd like a Plant on his peculiar Spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;

Or Meteor-like flame lawless through the Void, 55
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *Strength* the moving Principle requires,
 Active its Task, it prompts, impels, inspires :
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 60

Self-Love still stronger, as its Objects nigh ;
 Reason's at distance and in prospect lye ;
 That sees immediate Good, by present Sense ;
 Reason, the future, and the consequence ;
 Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng ; 65
 At best more *watchful* this, but that more *strong*.

The Action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still *use*, to Reason still *attend* :
 Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
 Each strengthens Reason and Self-Love restrains. 70

Let subtle Schoolmen teach these Friends to fight,
 More studious to divide, than to unite,
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash Dexterity of Wit.

Wits,

Wits, just like Fools, at War about a *Name*, 75

Have full as oft *no* Meaning, or *the same*.

Self-Love and Reason to one End aspire,

Pain their Aversion, Pleasure their Desire;

But greedy that its Object would devour,

'Tis taste the Honey, and not wound the Flower. 80

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,

Our greatest Evil, or our greatest Good.

Modes of Self-Love, the *PASSIONS* we may call;

'Tis real Good, or seeming, moves them all :

But since not every Good we can *divide*, 85

And Reason bids us for *our own* provide ;

Passions tho' *selfish*, if their Means be fair,

Lift under *Reason*, and deserve her Care :

Those, that *imparted*, court a nobler Aim,

Exalt their Kind, and take some *Virtue's* Name. 90

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast

Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,

Contracted all, retiring to the Breast ;

But Strength of Mind is *Exercise*, not *Rest* :

The

The rising Tempest puts in act the Soul, 95

Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On Life's vast Ocean diversely we sail,

Reason the Card, but Passion is the Gale :

Nor GOD alone in the still Calm we find ;

He mounts the Storm, and *walks upon the wind*. 100

Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,

Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his Work unite :

These, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ* ;

But what composes Man, can Man *destroy* ?

Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's Road, 105

Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train,

Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain ;

These mix'd with Art, and to due Bounds confin'd,

Make, and maintain, the Balance of the Mind : 110

The Lights and Shades, whose well-accorded Strife

Gives all the *Strength* and *Colour* of our Life.

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,

And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise ;

Present

Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115

The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.

All spread their Charms, but charm not all *alike*;

On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike :

Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,

As strong, or weak, the Organs of the Frame; 120

And hence one *Master Passion*, in the Breast,

Like *Aaron's* Serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man perhaps, the moment of his Breath,

Receives the lurking Principle of Death,

The young Disease that must subdue at length, 125

Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,

The Mind's Disease, its *ruling Passion* came :

Each vital Humour which should feed the *whole*,

Soon flow to *this*, in Body and in Soul; 130

Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,

As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,

Imagination plies her dang'rous Art,

And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurse; 135
Wit, *Spirit*, *Faculties*, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
 As Heav'n's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r;
 We, wretched Subjects, tho' to lawful Sway,
 In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey. 140
 Ah! if she lend not Arms, as well as Rules,
 What can she more than *tell us* we are Fools?
 Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
 A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend*!
 Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader*, to persuade 145
 The Choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy Conquest all along,
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong;
 So, when small Humours gather to a Gout,
 The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out. 150
 Yes: Nature's Road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no *Guide*, but still a *Guard*;
 'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
 And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe:

Like

Like varying Winds, by *other* Passions tost, 155

This drives them constant to a certain Coast.

Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory, please,

Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease:

Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at Life's Expende;

The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence, 160

The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,

And all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,

Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle*:

'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd, 165

Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd;

The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,

And in one Int'rest *Body* acts with *Mind*.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's care

On *savage Stocks* inserted, learn to bear; 170

The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,

Wild Nature's Vigour working at the Root.

What Crops of Wit and Honesty appear,

From Spleen, from Obstinacy, Hate or Fear!

See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude supply; 175

Ev'n Av'rice, Prudence; Sloth, Philosophy;

Envy, to which th' ignoble Mind's a slave,

Is Emulation in the Learn'd or Brave:

Nor Virtue, Male or Female, can we name,

But what or grows on *Pride*, or grows on *Shame*. 180

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our *Pride*)

The Virtue nearest to our Vice ally'd;

Reason the Byas turns to Good from Ill,

And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.

The fiery Soul abhorr'd in *Cataline*, 185

In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.

The same Ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a Patriot, as it makes a Knave.

This *Light* and *Darkness* in our Chaos join'd,

What shall divide? The *God* within the *Mind*. 190

Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,

As in some well-wrought Picture Light and Shade,

And oft so mix, the difference is too nice

Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice:

Fools!

Fools! who from hence into the Notion fall, 195
That *Vice* or *Virtue* there is none at all.

If white and black, blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no Black or White?
Ask your *own Heart*, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to *mistake* them, costs the *Time* and *Pain*. 200

Vice is a Monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her Face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

A *Cheat!* a *Whore!* who starts not at the Name, 205
In all the Inns of Court, or Drury Lane?
But where the *Point of Vice*, was ne'er agreed:

Ask where's the *North?* at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed*,
In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there
At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where. 210

No Creature owns it, in the first degree,
But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n those who dwell beneath her very Zone,
Or never feel the Rage, or never own;

What

What happier Natures shrink at with Affright, 215

The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,

Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree :

The Rogue and Fool by fits is fair and wise,

And ev'n the best by fits what they despise. 220

'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,

For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it still ;

Each Individual seeks a sev'ral Goal :

But HEAV'N's great View is *One*, and that the WHOLE ;

That counter-works each Folly and Caprice ; 225

That disappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice.

That happy Frailties to all *Ranks* apply'd,

Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron *Pride*,

Fear to the Statesman, *Rashness* to the Chief,

To Kings *Presumption*, and to Crowds *Belief*. 230

That Virtue's Ends from *Vanity* can raise,

Which seeks no Int'rest, no Reward but Praise.

And builds on *Wants*, and on *Defects* of Mind,

The *Joy*, the *Peace*, the *Glory* of Mankind.

Heav'n

Heav'n forming each on other to depend, 235
 A Master, or a Servant, or a Friend,
 Bids each on other for Assistance call,
 'Till one Man's Weakness grows the Strength of all.
 Wants, Frailties, Passions, closer still allye
 The common Int'rest, or endear the Tye: 240
 To *these* we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
 Each home-felt Joy that Life inherits here!
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those Joys, those Loves, those Int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere Decay, 245
 To welcome Death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the *Passion*, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
 Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.
 The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore;
 The Fool is happy, that he knows no more; 250
 The Rich are happy in the Plenty given;
 The Poor contents him with the Care of Heaven.
 See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
 The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King,

The

The starving Chymist in his golden Views 155
 Supreamly blest, the Poet in his Muse.

See! some strange *Comfort* ev'ry *State* attend,
 And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common Friend;
 See! some fit *Passion* ev'ry *Age* supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die. 260

'Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
 Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days;
 Each want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each Vacuity of Sense by Pride.
 These build up all that Knowledge can destroy; 265
 In Folly's Cup still laughs the Bubble, *Joy*;
 One Prospect lost, another still we gain,
 And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;
 Even mean *Self-Love* becomes, by Force divine,
 The Scale to measure others Wants by thine. 270
 See! and confess, one Comfort still must rise,
 'Tis this, tho' *Man's a Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N.

In EPISTLES to a Friend.

EPISTLE III.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *J. Wilford*, at the *Three Flower-de lucas*, behind the *Chapter-house*, *St. Paul's*. MDCCXXXIII.

E. S. Y.

M. A. M.

IN REPLY TO A FRIEND

THE

LONDON

Printed for J. Widdow, at the Printing-office, in
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A N
E S S A Y on M A N.

E P I S T L E III.

LEARN, Dulness, learn! “ *The Universal Cause*
“ *Acts to one End, but acts by various Laws.*”

In all the Madness of superfluous Health,

The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,

Let that great Truth be present Night and Day ;

But most be present, if thou *preach*, or *pray*.

View thy own World: Behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.

See, lifeless Matter moving to one End,
 The single Atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
 By Nature form'd its *Neighbour* to embrace.
 Behold it next, with various Life endu'd,
 Press to one Centre still, the *Gen'ral Good*.

See dying Vegetables Life sustain,

See Life dissolving vegetate again.

All Forms that perish other Forms supply,

By turns they catch the vital Breath, and die;

Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,

They rise, they break, and to that Sea return.

Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to Whole :

One All-extending, All-preserving Soul

Connects all Being, greatest with the least ;

Made Beast in Aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;

Each serv'd, and serving ; nothing stands alone ;

The Chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown !

Has God, thou Fool ! work'd solely for thy Good,
 Thy Joy, thy Pastime, thy Attire, thy Food ?

Who

Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
 For him, as kindly, spreads the flow'ry Lawn. 30
 Is it for thee the Lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings :
 Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat?

Loves of his own, and Raptures, swell the Note,

The bounding Steed you pompously bestride, 35

Shares with his Lord the Pleasure and the Pride.

Is thine alone the Seed that strows the Plain?

The Birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their Grain.

Thine the full Harvest of the Golden Year?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer. 40

The Hog that plows not, nor obeys thy Call,

Lives on the Labours of this Lord of All.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care;

The Furr that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.

While Man exclaims, see all Things for my Use! 45

See Man for mine, replies a pamper'd Goose :

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him,

All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.

As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right,
 But as to Man, mistook the Matter quite : 50
 And just as short of Reason, Man will fall,
 Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.

Grant, that the Pow'ful still the Weak controul,
 Be Man the *Wit* and *Tyrant* of the Whole,
 NATURE that Tyrant checks; He only knows 55
 And feels, another Creature's Wants and Woes,
 Say, will the Falcon stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying Plumage, spare the Dove?
 Admires the Jay the Insect's gilded Wings,
 Or hears the Hawk, when *Philamela* sings? 60
 Man cares for All: To Birds he gives his Woods,
 To Beasts his Pastures, and to Fish his Floods,
 For some, his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride;
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy 65
 Th' extensive Blessing of his Luxury,
 That very Life his learned Hunger craves
 He saves from Famine, from the Savage saves:

Nay,

Nay, feasts the Animal he dooms his Feast,
And 'till he ends the Being, makes it blest. 70

The favour'd Man, by Touch Ætherial slain,
Not less foresees the Stroke, or feels the Pain;
The Creature had his Feast of Life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy Feast is o'er?

To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend, 75
Gives not the useless Knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with such a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.
The Hour conceal'd, and so remote the Fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80
Great standing Miracle! that Heav'n assign'd

Its only Thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind.

Whether with *Reason*, or with *Instinct* blest,
Know, all enjoy that Pow'r which *suits 'em best*,
To Bliss, alike, by that Direction tend, 85
And find the Means proportion'd to their End.

Say, where full *Instinct* is th' unerring Guide,
What *Pope* or *Council* can they need beside?

Reason,

Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for Service, or but serves when prest; 90
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest Instinct comes a Volunteer.
 This too serves *always*, Reason never *long*;
 One *must* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
 See then the *acting* and *comparing* Pow'rs, 95
 One in their Nature, which are two in ours;
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct, as you can;
 In this, 'tis *God* directs, in that, 'tis *Man*.

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood,
 To shun their Poison, and to chuse their Food? 100
 Prescient, the Tydes or Tempests to withstand,
 Build on the Wave, or Arch beneath the Sand?
 Who made the Spider Parallels design,
 Sure as *De-Moivre*, without Rule or Line?
 Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and Worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the Council, states the certain Day,
 Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the Way?

Reason

GOD,

GOD, in the Nature of each Being, founds
 Its proper Bliss, and sets its proper Bounds : 110
 But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the *Whole* to bless
 On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happiness* :
 So from the first, Eternal ORDER ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of Life all-quickenning *Æther* keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' Air, or shoots beneath the Deeps,
 Or pours profuse on Earth ; one Nature feeds
 The *vital Flame*, and swells the *genial Seeds*.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
 Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood, 120
 Each loves *Itself*, but not itself *alone*,
 Each Sex desires alike, till *two* are *one* :
 Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace ;
 All love themselves, a third time, in their *Race*.
 The Beast, the Bird, their common Charge attend, 125
 The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander Earth or Air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,

The Link dissolves, each seeks a fresh Embrace,
 Another Love succeeds, another Race. 130
 A longer Care Man's helpless Kind demands;
 That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the Ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love:
 With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn, 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its Turn;
 And still new Needs, new Helps, new Habits rise,
 That graft Benevolence on Charities,
 From private Sparkles raise the gen'ral Flame,
 And bid Self-Love and Social be the same. 140
 Thus as one Brood, and as another rose,
 These nat'ral Love maintain'd, habitual those;
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless Him from whom their Life began:
 Mem'ry and Forecast just Returns engage, 145
 That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age;
 While Pleasure, Gratitude and Hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.

Nor think in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
 The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD: 150
Self-Love and *Social* at her Birth began,
 UNION, the Bond of all Things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor *Arts*, that *Pride* to aid;
 Man walk'd with Beast, joint Tenant of the Shade;
 The same his Table, and the same his Bed, 155
 No Murder cloath'd him, and no Murder fed.
 In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,
 All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The Shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest: 160
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
 Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come!
 Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
 Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral Groan, 165
 Murders their Species, and betrays his own.
 But just Disease to Luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds;

The Fury-Passions from that Blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer Savage, Man, 170

See him from *Nature* rising flow to *Art*!

To copy *Instinct*, then, was *Reason's* Part;

Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake----

" Go! from the Creatures thy Instructions take;

" Learn from the Birds what Food the Thickets yield; 175

" Learn from the Beasts the *Physick* of the Field:

" Thy Arts of Building from the Bee receive;

" Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;

" Learn of the little * *Nautilus* to sail,

" Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale. 180

" Here too all Forms of social Union find,

" And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:

" Here Subterranean Works and Cities see,

" There Towns Aerial on the waving Tree.

" Learn each small People's Genius, Policies; 185

" The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees;

* Vide Oppian *Halieut. Lib. I.*

- " *How these in common all their Stores bestow,*
 " *And Anarchy without Confusion know,*
 " *And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,*
 " *Their sep'rate Cells and Properties maintain.* 190
 " *Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve their State,*
 " *Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.*
 " *In vain thy Reason finer Webs shall draw,*
 " *Entangle Justice in her Net of Law,*
 " *And Right too rigid harden into Wrong,* 195
 " *Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too strong,*
 " *Yet Go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,*
 " *Thus let the Wiser make the rest obey,*
 " *Who for those Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,*
 " *As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore."* 200

Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little State; Another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' Love or Fear.
 Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend, 205
 And there the Streams in purer Rills descend?

What

What *War* could ravish, *Commerce* could bestow,
 And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
 Thus *States* were form'd; the Name of *King* unknown,
 'Till common Int'rest plac'd the Sway in One. 210

Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
 Diffusing Blessings, or averting Harms)
 The *same* which in a *Sire* the *Sons* obey'd,
 A *Prince* the Father of a *People* made.

'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch fate, 215
King, *Priest*, and *Parent* of his growing State:

On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their *Law*, his Eye; their *Oracle*, his Tongue.

He, from the wondring Furrow call'd their Food,
 Taught to command the *Fire*, controul the *Flood*, 220
 Draw forth the Monsters of th' *Abyss* profound,
 Or fetch th' *Aerial* Eagle to the Ground.

Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as *God*, to mourn as *Man*.

Then, looking up from *Sire* to *Sire*, explor'd 225
 One Great, First Father, and that *first* Ador'd.

Or

Or plain Tradition that this All *begin*,
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
 The Workman from the Work distinct was known,
 And *simple Reason* never fought but *One*: 230
 Ere *Wit* oblique had *broke* that steady Light,
 Man, like his Maker, *saw*, that *all was right*,
 To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a *Father* when he own'd a *God*.
 Love all the *Faith*, and all th' *Allegiance* then; 235
 For Nature knew no *Right Divine* in *Men*,
 No *Ill* could fear in *God*; and understood
 A *Sovereign Being* but a *Sovereign Good*.
 True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
 That was but *Love of God*, and this of *Man*. 240
 Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms undone
 Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for one*?
 That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
 T' invert the World, and counter-work its *Cause*?
 Force first made *Conquest*, and that *Conquest Law*; 245
 Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe,

Then

'Then shar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid;
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
 She, midst the Light'ning's Blaze and Thunder's Sound,
 When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
 Ground, 250

She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.
 She, from the rending Earth and bursting Skies,
 Saw *Gods* descend, and *Fiends* infernal rise,
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest Abodes; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods:
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust:
 Such as the Souls of *Cowards* might conceive,
 And form'd like *Tyrants*, *Tyrants* would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
 And *Hell* was built on *Spite*, and *Heav'n* on *Pride*.
 Then sacred seem'd th' Ætherial Vault no more;
 Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:

Then

'Then first the *Flamen* tasted living Food; 265
 Next his grim Idol smear'd with human Blood;
 With Heav'n's own 'Thunders shook the World below,
 And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Just, and thro' Unjust,
 To *One* man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Lust : 270

The same Self-Love, in *All*, becomes the Cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.

For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one Will when many Wills rebel?

How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake 275
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?

His *Safety* must his *Liberty* restrain ;

All join to guard what *each* desires to gain.

Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-Defence,
 Ev'n Kings learn'd Justice and Benevolence : 280

Self-Love forlook the Path it first pursu'd,
 And found the *private* in the *publick* Good.

'Twas then, the studious Head or gen'rous Mind,
 Follow'r of God, or Friend of Humankind,

Poet or Patriot; rose, but to restore 285
 The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before;
 Re-lum'd her ancient Light, not *kindled new*;
 If not God's *Image*, yet his *Shadow* drew;
 Taught Pow'rs due Use to *People* and to *Kings*,
 Taught, not to slack, nor strain, its tender strings; 290
 The *Less*, and *Greater*, set so justly true,
 That touching *one*, must strike the *other* too,
 And jarring Int'reits of themselves create
 The according Musick of a *well-mix'd State*.
 Such is the *WORLD's great Harmony*, that springs 295
 From *Union*, *Order*, full *Consent* of Things!
 Where Small and Great, where Weak and Mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
 More *pow'rful* each, as *needful* to the rest,
 And in Proportion as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
 For *Forms of Government* let Fools contest;
 What'ere is best administred, is best;

For *Modes* of *Faith* let graceless Zealots fight; 305

His can't be wrong whose *Life* is in the right.

All must be false, that thwart this *One Great End*,

And all of God, that *blefs* Mankind, or *mend*.

Man, like the gen'rous Vine, supported lives,

The *Strength* he gains is from th'*Embrace* he gives. 310

On their *own Axis* as the Planets run,

Yet make at once their Circle round the *Sun* :

So two consistent Motions act the Soul,

And one regards *Itself*, and one the *Whole*.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame, 315

And bade *Self-Love* and *Social* be the same.

F I N I S,



N. B. The Rest of this Work will be published the next Winter.

...of ...
...be ... whose ... in the ...
... must be ... these ... this ...
... and all of God, that ...
... like the generous ... supported ...
... the ... gains is ... he gives ...
... as the ...
... make as once their Circle round the ...
... two ... of the Soul,
... and one regards itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general Frame;
And bade the Love and Justice be the same.

W I W I S

A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N.
In EPISTLES to a Friend.

EPISTLE IV.



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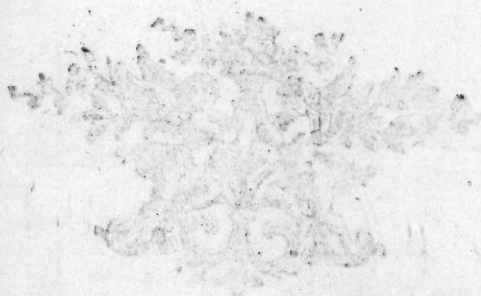
ESSAYS

ON

MAN

IN EPISTLES to a Friend

EPISTLE IV



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MDCCLXXIV

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A N
ESSAY *on* MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
name :

That Something still, which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool — and wise,
Plant of Cælestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fair-

Fair-opening to some Court's propitious Shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine, 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian Laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field?

Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:

Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere; 15

'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from Monarchs, *Lelius*! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,

This bids to serve; and that to shun mankind: 20

Some place the bliss in Action, some in Ease,

Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:

Who thus define it, say they more or less

Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

One grants his Pleasure is but Rest from pain, 25

One doubts of All; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

Take *Nature's* path, and mad Opinion's leave,

All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;

Obyious

Obvious her goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please;
 Equal is *common Sense*, and *common Ease*.

Remember Man! " the Universal Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the Good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd;
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;
 Each has his share, and who wou'd more obtain
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More

More rich, more wise : but who infers from hence

That such are *happier*, flocks all common sense. 50

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess

If all are equal in their happiness :

But mutual wants this happiness increase,

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, Circumstance is not the thing : 55

Bliss is the same, in Subject or in King ;

In who obtain Defence, or who defend ;

In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole

One common Blessing, as one common Soul : 60

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,

And each were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all men Happiness was meant,

God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose, 65

And these be call'd unhappy, happy those ;

But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,

While those are plac'd in Hope; and these in Fear:

Not

Not present Good or Ill, the joy or curse,
But future views, of Better, or of Worse. 70

Oh Sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the Skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise.

Know, all the Good that Individuals find, 75

Or God and Nature meant to meer mankind,

Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of sense,

Lie in three words, *Health, Peace, and Competence;*

But Health consists with Temperance alone,

And Peace, fair Virtue! Peace is all thy own; 80

The Gifts of Fortune good or bad may gain;

But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in pursuit of Profit or Delight,

Who risque the most, that take wrong means, or right?

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85

Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,

'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;

And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is to pass for good. 90

Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
 Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
 Best knows his blessing, and will most be blest.

But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call, - 95
 For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*.

See FALKLAND falls, the virtuous and the just!

See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust!

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!

Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of life? 100

Say was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,

Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the Grave?

Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,

Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?

Why drew *Marseilles* good Bishop purer breath, 105

When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?

Or why so long (in Life if long can be)

Lent Heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor and Me?

What

What makes all Physical or Moral Ill?

There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110

God sends not Ill, 'tis Nature lets it fall

Or Chance escape, and Man improves it all.

We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,

That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous Son is ill at ease, 115

When his lewd Father gave the dire disease.

Think we like some weak Prince th' Eternal Cause,

Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws?

Shall burning Ætna, if a Sage requires,

Forget to thunder, and recall her fires? 120

On Air or Sea new motions be impress,

O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?

When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,

Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?

Or some old Temple nodding to its fall, 125

For Chartres head reserve the hanging Wall?

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)

Contents us not, A better shall we have?

A Kingdom of the Just then let it be :
 But first consider how those Just agree? 130
 The Good must merit God's peculiar care ;
 But who but God can tell us, who they are ?
 One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,
 Another deems him Instrument of Hell ;
 If Calvin feels Heav'n's Blessing, or its Rod, 135
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest.
 Give each a System, all must be at strife ;
 What diff'rent Systems for a man and wife ? 140
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 " Whatever *is*, is *right*." — This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus too :
 And which more *blest*? who chain'd his Country, say,
 Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day? 146
 " But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed."
 What then? is the reward of Virtue, Bread?

That,

That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toil:

The Knave deserves it when he tills the Soil, 150

The Knave deserves it when he tempts the Main,

Where Madness fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain,

The good man may be weak, be indolent,

Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content,

But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er? 155

"No-- shall the good want health, the good want Pow'r?

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:

"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?

Nay, why external for internal giv'n,

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n? 160

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give:

Immense the Pow'r, immense were the demand;

Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, 165

The Soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's Prize: A better would you fix,

And give Humility a Coach and six?

Justice

Justice a Conqu'ror's sword or Truth a Gown,
Or Publick Spirit, its great cure, a Crown? 170

Rewards that either would to Virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

How oft by these at sixty are undone

The Virtues of a Saint at twenty-one!

For *Riches*, can they give but to the Just, 175

His own Contentment, or another's Trust?

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,

Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,

The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind, 180

Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear;

Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!

Honour and *Shame* from no Condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.

Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 185

One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade,

The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,

The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.

“ What

“ What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?”

I'll tell you, friend: a Wise man and a Fool. 190

You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,

Or Cobler-like, the Parson will be drunk,

Worth makes the Man, and Want of it the Fellow;

The rest, is all but Leather or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings,

'That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.

Thy boasted Blood, a thousand years or so,

May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow ;

But by your Father's worth, if yours you rate,

Count me those only who were good and great. 200

Go ! if your ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,

Go ! and pretend your Family is young ;

Not own your Fathers have been fools so long. 205

What can enoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards ?

Alas not all the Blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on *Greatness*, say where Greatness lies?

“ Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wife?”

Heroes

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed, 215
 From Macedonia's Madman to the Suede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind:
 No one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward, further than his nose. 220
 No less alike the Politick and wise,
 All fly flow things, with circumspective eyes;
 Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,
 Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can *conquer*, these can *cheat*, 225
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain *great*.
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but *the more* a fool, *the more* a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in Exile or in Chains, 230
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
 What's *Fame*? that fancy'd Life in others breath!
 A thing beyond us ev'n before our death.

Just what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown 235
The same (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.

All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;

To all beside, as much an empty Shade

An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead, 240

Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine,

Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.

A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Red*;

An honest man's the noblest Work of God :

Fame but from death a Villain's name can save, 245

As Justice tears his body from the grave;

When what t' Oblivion better were resign'd,

Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.

All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart. 250

One self-approving Hour whole years out-weighs

Of stupid Starers, and of loud huzz's;

And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels

Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

In *Parts* superior what advantage lies ! 255

Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise?

'Tis but to know, how little can be known,

To see all others faults, and fell our own;

Condemn'd in Business or in Arts to drudge

Without a Second, or without a Judge : 260

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking Land?

All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful Preheminence! yourself to view

Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

Bring then these Blessings to a strict account, 265

Make fair deductions, see to what they mount?

How much of other each is sure to cost?

How each for other oft is wholly lost?

How inconsistent greater goods with these?

How sometimes Life is risk'd, and always Ease? 270

Think, and if still the *Things* thy envy call,

Say, would'st thou be the *Man* to whom they fall?

To fight for Ribbands if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow Dirt the passion of thy life ?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of Mankind :

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,

See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting Fame ! 280

If all, united, thy ambition call,

From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,

See the false Scale of Happiness compleat !

In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay, 285

(How happy !) those to ruin, these betray,

Mark by what wretched steps their Glory grows,

From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;

In each, how Guilt and Greatness equal ran,

And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man. 290

Now Europe's Lawrels on their brows behold,

But stain'd with Blood, or ill exchange'd for Gold :

Then see them broke with Toils, or lost in Ease,

Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.

Oh Wealth ill-fated ! which no Act, of fame 295

E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame !

What greater bliss attends their close of life ?

Some greedy Minion or imperious Wife,

The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,

And haunt their slumbers in the pompous Shade.

Alas ! not dazzled with their Noontide ray, 300

Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day :

The whole amount of that enormous Fame

A Tale ! that blends their Glory with their Shame !

Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)

VIRTUE alone is Happiness below : 305

The only point where humane bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill :

Where only, Merit constant pay receives,

Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives :

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 310

And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very Tears. 313

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,
 Never dejected, while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, [326
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole Bliss Heav'n could on *all* bestow,
 Which who but feels, can taste, but thinks, can know:
 Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find, 325
 Slave to no Sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' *Nature* up to *Nature's* God,
 Pursues that *Chain* which links th' immense Design,
 Joyns Heav'n and Earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any Bliss can know 330
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
 The first, last Purpose of the human Soul;

And

And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in Love of GOD, and Love of MAN. 337

For him alone, *Hope* leads from gole to gole,
 And opens still, and opens, on his soul,
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.

He fees, why Nature plants in Man alone 340
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown?

(Nature, whose dictates to no other Kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)

Wife is the Present: she connects in this
 His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Blifs*, 345

At once his own bright Prospect to be blest,
 And strongest Motive to assist the rest.

Self-Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's blessing thine:

Is this too little for the boundless heart? 350

Extend it, let thy Enemies have part:

Grasp the whole Worlds, of Reason, Life, and Sense;
 In one close System of Benevolence.

Happier,

Happier, as kinder! in whate'er degree,
 And height of *Bliss*, but height of CHARITY. 335

GOD loves from Whole to Parts: but human Soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
 The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds, 360

Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His Country next, and next all Human-race,
 Wide, and more wide, the O'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry kind; 365

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
 Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song!

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 370
 To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends,
 Teach me like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise;

Form'd

Form'd by thy Converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 775
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 O! while along the stream of Time, thy Name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little Bark attendant sail, 380
 Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?
 And shall this Verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend? 385
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
 For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's Light;
 Shew'd erring Pride *Whatever Is, is Right*;
 That *Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim*; 390
 That true *Self-love and Social* are the same;
 That *Virtue* only makes our *Bliss below*;
 And all our *Knowledge is, Ourselves to know*.

F I N I S.